

P. Councils  
in  
Winnipeg  
(See page 7)

DE FIVE CENTS.

# Events

missioner  
conduct  
councils

at  
Sunday, April 9th  
Sunday, April 16th  
and Mrs. Morris  
April 16th  
Mel McLean  
April 15th to 17th  
April 18th  
April 19th  
April 20th and 21st  
April 22nd to 24th  
April 25th  
April 26th  
April 27th  
April 28th  
April 29th and 30th  
May 1st  
May 2nd  
May 3rd  
May 4th  
May 7th and 8th  
May 9th and 10th  
May 11th and 12th  
May 13th-16th  
May 18th and 19th  
May 20th and 21st  
May 23rd  
May 25th  
May 28th and 29th  
or Sims  
il 1st, 2nd and 3rd  
April 6th  
April 8th to 14th  
April 15th to 19th  
April 22nd and 23rd  
April 25th  
April 26th  
April 27th  
April 28th  
29th to May 1st  
May 2nd and 3rd  
May 4th  
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May 6th to 8th  
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May 18th and 19th  
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April 8th-10th  
April 11th and 12th  
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April 18th and 19th  
April 20th and 21st  
April 22nd to 24th

# The Week

Jesus say,  
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THE EASTER

# WAR CRY



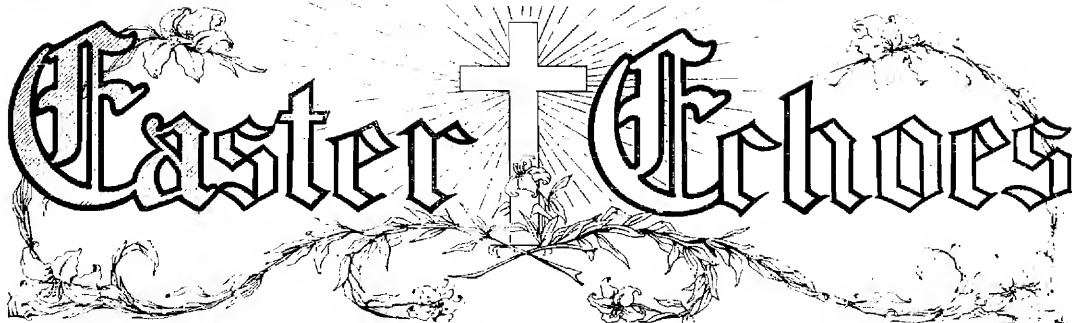
OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST & ALASKA

NO. 98 PRICE 10¢

WINNIPEG APRIL 15th 1922







## Royal Guarantee of Victory

By Envoy William Neill, Winnipeg.

THE value to the individual of the tragedy consummated on Golgotha's Hill is the measure of its value to the world.

From the Manger to Calvary, Christ had always envisaged the ignominy and shame of those last hours, yet He flinched not, and in this He displayed that marvelous courage which is absolutely essential to a victorious life.

In His patient forbearance—when in the Garden His disciples slept instead of watching with Him; when Judas greeted Him with the kiss of betrayal; when Peter denied Him and the Jews did despite to Him; when in the last awful moment on the Cross God turned His face away from Him as being the embodiment of sin, upon which He could not look—we have amazing evidence of the sustaining power of the grace of God.

That in such terrible circumstances and amid such surroundings the Saviour should find "grace abounding" to sustain Him is the royal guarantee to His followers that they can do all things through His grace.

The one great hope for mankind lay in the ability of Christ to overcome and conquer death. In the days of His flesh, Christ had manifested power over death, when He revived the daughter of the ruler Jairus; restored the son of the widow of Nain and brought again from the tomb the well-loved brother of the Sisters of Bethany. But the prophets of God, in their day, had wrought marvels similar to these. It remained for Christ to prove His claim as "Redeemer of the World."

In foretelling His own death and declaring that on the third day He would rise again, the Saviour displayed supreme confidence in God's great plan for the liberation of mankind, and it was this confidence that enabled Him to face and endure the shameful death of the Cross, that He might thereby overcome and conquer death, defying its power to hold Him longer than He willed, even three days. So when the disciples visited the tomb on "the morning of the third day" we hear the angel on guard exclaim: "He is not here, He is risen, even as He said."

By His victory over death, Christ made possible to every individual, who through faith in His name lays claim, the forgiveness of sins, regeneration, and a new life.

To know the power of His all-conquering resurrection it is necessary to share the fellowship of His sufferings, bearing the shame and having made complete surrender to the will, to die unto self and sin that we may rise in newness of life, being made new creatures in Christ Jesus. There is no other way.

## Power of His Resurrection

By Adjutant Charles Tuttle, Regina.

RESURRECTION Power is power over death. We look on "The Resurrection" as the grand proof of Christ's Divinity; the criterion of His ministry; the foundation of our hopes of victory and heaven. It is the bed-rock principle on which the great church of Christ is built. But this Power reaches further than even that. If Resurrection Power is power over death, it is also power over life.

This resurrection power is life-imparting. Life which could overcome death must be the same power that gave us life—physical life. This is the God we have worshipped from the beginning as Creator, our Father. How transcendently great is the thought that not only is He the Author of physical Life but He is the Producer, Author and Originator of that Life which He said would be "in you a well of water springing up." Quality as well as quantity.

God who generated life in the soul has power to sustain it. Paul fits thought into words in his own inimitable way: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." God will put within us

sustaining power to keep us unspotted from the world. When temptations assail; when sorrows and bereavements overwhelm; when humbled, ill-treated, persecuted, harassed, Resurrection Power will prevail over death and the life of God will be sustained in our souls.

The grandeur of spiritual life as enjoyed by the true child of God is far beyond the bounds of human expression; the wonders of God's grace in sustaining in us His most precious gifts has called forth floods of eloquence, but what voice can tell, what pen describe, what heart frame adequate expression of the greatest of all powers God has committed to man: the power to become a worker with Him in re-producing the life of God in the hearts of sinning, suffering people around us. The Creator deputed marvelous power to men. The Life-giver brings sinful men back to His own image by putting upon them—in them—His Spirit and enabling them to reproduce in others what He has done in them. Oh! What a power is this! The Maker allows the work of His hand-power to make. The Author of our Salvation imparts the power to achieve His own work, so that we can feel His power working in and through us.

Reader, has this vision of Power dawned upon you? Has the glory and joy of saving men yet flooded your soul? It is divine to enter into an intimate partnership with the Eternal God. This is what it meant to the Apostle "to know Him and the power of His resurrection." What does it mean to you?

## The Secret of Easter

By Rev. William A. Hartley, Calgary.

EASTER-TIME saw my enrolment under the Colors, at Charlottetown, no small enduring item. Easter memories date back to boyhood, when mother and father sang in the village choir, and I can hear them now rehearsing.

"Raise your glad voices, in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and men shall not die."

In my early twenties, in Boston, I watched the Easter worshippers gather at Phillips Brooks' church; saw, within, those liberal bowers of lily blooms; heard heavenly anthems, and the Easter story told with inspired and inspiring eloquence by that since-sainted servant of the Master. Twenty-five years ago, a Canadian Officer, then Ensign Ethel Galt, sang on Easter Sunday afternoon:

"All around the empty grave, let us shout for joy:  
We are going to live again, never more to die."

Strange how the weaving of personality, speech or song, with a theme, will recreate it for us, and the singer's happy vein brought a new Easter revelation. Not that I had never been entranced before,—on the contrary; for as a choir-master for years, music and song had lent familiar and happy wing to its true interpretation, and there was sympathetic response in my soul.

For years after enrolment, and until leaving Charlottetown, I had taken my folding organ into the Hospital wards. It was indeed a compensating sight to note suffering features re-lit, and hear voices raised from many a cot, joining the Salvation songs, specially at Christmas and Easter. Easter in Winnipeg,—at the old Coffer House, with Dick Parsons; at the Sunday morning Police Court; at the Jail. Easter at Calgary,—at the old Mounted Barrack, with Jim Miller and Jim Proctor. One Easter here behind the scenes, fighting for very life, yet given a lyric and a song.

The recollections are impersonal, except as they may bear on The Secret. The Sequel to Christmas?

Do we expend spiritual reserves of vision and power on the Festival and the Theme, and miss something else of equal or greater value, close at hand? For practical living, in a practical world, is Easter only the Sequel to Christmas? And are these two great and wonderful celebrations to remain such only? How long the world lived unconscious of latent forces all around, alongside, that mean to-day telephone, electric light, and a thousand scientific aids and conveniences of life. Are we likewise living alongside great Christian truths which remain un-translated into actual life and action?

### THE SECRET

We believe that the Adored One was not the only one who rose from the dead—He was the first-fruits. We believe that every death implies and is a resurrection. We believe in the immortality of the soul. But—*have we missed it?*—do we believe we are immortal now; and further, that our resurrection to newness of life and to service to our fellows is an accomplished present fact, in a practical sense, the more important?

Here is the secret of Easter—we are now raised, and should be fulfilling the true functions of true life.

Let it nevermore be just a calendar date; nor even a glorious elemental Christian fact, a cherished immortal hope. But let it be a worthy First Chapter of our Book of Life, whose further pages write themselves as we perform the services to which the eternities invite.

# THE DAWN

## A Dream Of The Long Ago

### A Conceivable Story of One of The Lepers Miraculously Healed by The Great Physician

By Captain LeRoy DeBevoise



**G**REAT Spirit over all—take our thanks for Thy care over us this day, and for this our daily bread. These words were uttered in unison by three devout worshippers.

The evening repast finished, a maiden of twenty-two summers stepped through the low doorway of a peasant's hut into an outer garden. The glowing red of a Palestine sunset cast its spell of beauty over garden and damsel alike, revealing both in the perfect splendor that the Great Father had ordained. The maiden was a Jewess, Joanna by name, and lived with her aged parents in Necho, beyond Jordan. Her large violet eyes were curtained by slightly drooping lids and her stature was as stately as the palm tree. The glow of the evening sunlight was wrapped in the folds of her hair, and the blush of the pomegranate colored her cheeks. Is it any wonder, therefore, that she seemed to be an essential part of her beautiful surroundings? Joanna approached a cluster of milk-white lilies, and for a moment stood looking into their untired smiling faces.

Stooping, she plucked the largest and most beautiful lily of them all.

"Oh Lily white," she said, "you seem so happy and contented. But then, you are in your right place. You are just where the Creator wants you to be. Why shouldn't you be happy?" She paused and waited answer.

The Lily smiled and said—nothing.

"Look at me, my Lily friend," she continued. "I'm but a miserable misfit. I'm not worth a shekel to anybody. I wish I were a man, Lily. If I were, I'd run away, why I'd—I'd conquer worlds, I would!"

Just then a crimson sunbeam kissed the white face of the Lily. The petals changed color from spotless white to a glory hue. Joanna too, faced the beckoning sunset. And these two communed in the twilight.

"Dear little Miss Lily, can you calm my questioning heart and tell me what's there?" she questioned as she pointed to the horizon silhouetted so clearly against the sunlight's crimson bars. "Tell me, what's on the other side?"



What's on the other side? That is the eternal question.

"Beyond the sunlight's crimson bars; What? The enchanting sunset, the challenging horizon, the silent unresponsive Lily invited the query. Ever since our first parents discovered the desolation and curse outside Eden's gates—that has been the world's interrogation. "On the other side—what?" All the tragedy and pathos of a world are crammed into it. And now Joanna would know. She would discover the unknown; she would catch one satisfying glimpse of the beyond.

"What's on the other side?" she again insistently asked the dumb flower.

All the pent-up passion of twenty-two years burst forth in her as the answer came. "Jerusalem's on the other side. The City of your fathers' people; the City of God; the City of Life." And before the gaze of this innocent girl an unseen evil spirit passed all the tantalizing allurements and seductive decoys of a great city.

Under the subtle influence of this demon spirit the maid trembled, dropped the tuciturn Lily among the brambles—and fled.

She faced the sunset. What's on the other side? She would find out. And she did!

The dim light of an oil lamp flickered softly through the lattice window. An aged mother had trimmed that little lamp faithfully, and every night at sundown placed it there. All down the dark night hours the feeble rays glimmered through the lattice and made plain a winding pathway leading to the house. Within, a shadow could be seen moving about. The sound of broken sobs drifted out upon the cool night air.

There stood a mother and father—heads bowed in reverence—silent tears coursing down their cheeks. Just a moment they stood thus beside a low cot. They had stood in that way every night—since she left. Then the woman stooped and tenderly turned back the corner of the cover as if to prepare for a guest.

"Oh Asa, is there no hope? Will our Joanna never return to the home of her childhood?" the woman pathetically appealed.

"Jehovah is good, Lydia. He cares for each one of us as if there were none other to love. His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches our darling to-night where'er she is. Come, let us hear what the Lily has to say before we rest."

Like lovers of an earlier year they clasped hands and moved slowly toward a small table on which lay a neat roll of parchment. With careful touch the man opened the roll. A crushed and dried Lily marked the place to which they so often turned. It no longer smiled as in the yesterdays—it rather seemed to bleed, and spread its stain over a heavily marked verse of Esaias: "For the Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places; He will make her wilderness like Eden." They read together, and this patriarch with his wife placed the burden of their heartache on the shoulders of Him who promised, "I, even I, am He that comforteth you."

And His presence came to hallow the secluded hut.

"What a blessing that the Prophets have quothed us such words, my Asa! Do you know I really feel as if this horrible mid-night of soul might someday be followed by Day-Dawn."

Then these two went to rest and dreamed of her—and awaited The Dawn.

"On with the dance—  
Let joy be unconfined!"

The sickening orgy of Herod's court was at its height. Numerous servants entered with viands and wines and were kept busy filling Herod's cup.

"Here varlet—yes, you Tacitus, bring in that fleet-footed Jewess with the supple limbs. Summon the torchbearers; bid the musician-play. Be in haste! On with the dance!" So thundered the besotted monarch as a score of servants leapt to do his bidding.

Suddenly the trumpet blast rang throughout the castle corridors. All eyes turned toward the draped portals at the farther end, where a little body, sparkling as if covered with diamond dust, glided in fairy-like aspect out from the shadowy background.

The musicians pined.

The singers weirdly chanted.

The sensuous eyes of Herod bulged in desire. Aroused by the fascinating music that filled the banquet hall he suddenly arose, reeled and staggered toward the unfortunate child of fate, and in an intoxicated swoon attempted to clutch the hand of the Jewess.

"Touch me not—viper—Gentile dog! The God of my fathers will strike thee dead!" shrieked the terrified Joanna (for it was her), and with fiery passion and impetuous force she struck the king a blow in the face.

Stunned for a moment, Herod tottered while several courtiers sprang to his assistance.

"The wrath of Jove will punish the Hebrew God!" he cried. "Jewess, by all the gods of mighty Rome thou shalt suffer for this," hissed the maddened monarch. "To the Tombs with her, Tacitus, and mind you turn the lock well."

The servile followers of this conceited monarch stood aghast at the sentence. The Tombs! The dwelling place of the dead! Did not all Jerusalem fear Herod's displeasure lest he sentence an offender to the Tombs? For those who went seldom returned. Incarcerated there a few weeks and deadly leprosy gripped its poisonous fangs into the human flesh—and leprosy—well, it could not be washed away with nitre nor much soap.

(Continued on page 13, col. 1)



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"For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come."—Song of Solomon. 11, 11-12.

# Hail, The Spring!

## An Easter Meditation

By the Chief of the Staff

**E**ACH season is associated with some particular pleasure or circumstance, but I think I speak the feelings of all when I say that no season is so welcome as Spring. For months nature has been apparently dead. The birds have sought for warmer climes and have left us without their cheering notes. It is often difficult to discover whether the trees and bushes are dead or only wrapped in the sleep of winter.

Then, whilst the ground is still covered with its snowy mantle, with what eagerness we look for the first signs of returning Spring, watching for the first burst of life in the budding of the trees, and listening intently for the first notes of nature's returning warblers.

And when once the springtime has, beyond doubt, asserted its powers and driven away the remnants of a slowly dying winter, thus causing all nature to rejoice, what melody, what gladness bursts spontaneously from hearts and lips!

But springtime would never seem half so beautiful were it not for winter's experience. It is the contrast of death that makes life so attractive.

But at this season we are celebrating more than the return of springtide; we are commemorating the return to life of Jesus. His "winter" had been a short one, but so severe. One can hardly believe that into those three or four days there could have crowded such terribly momentous scenes. It seems as though these scenes represented an experience of years.

Then that "winter" experience of Jesus came so suddenly. On the Sabbath before He had been received with mighty acclamation as a King, and had been given Royal honors at His entrance to the City of Jerusalem. Alas, for the fickleness of man!

How dark, too, had been those days! The fiercest storms of opposition had come; the Devil had mustered his full powers in a determined effort to scatter for ever the hopes of those simple fishermen who were Christ's disciples, and to blast their confidence in His leadership.

Need I remind you of the deeds of that dark week? There was the agony of Gethsemane; the neglect of His disciples during that agony, although He appealed to them so tenderly and humanly to watch with Him. There was the betrayal by Judas, and the traitor's kiss. Then followed His arrest and trial, during which He suffered the indignities of the crown of thorns, the royal robe, and the hatred of the religious crowd. He had to bear the mental torture

produced by the choosing of Barabbas for liberty, with the consequent confirmation of His own death sentence; the physical anguish of the too heavy Cross; the indignity heaped upon Him by the choice of two malefactors as fellow sufferers at the Crucifixion; the mocking crowd, the dying groans. Then He witnessed the cowardice of His own disciples, and found no word of gratitude or sympathy amidst his sufferings from any of the lepers He had healed, the sick He had restored, or the poor He had helped. And,

most painful of all, was His seemingly forsaken condition as revealed in His utterance to His Father "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Earth had rejected Him, His followers had left Him, and for the moment it looked as if Heaven had forgotten Him. Then came His burial and the stone and seal. Could it possibly be darker?

"Jesus is dead!" The cry rang through Jerusalem, up its streets, into its homes, as far even as the High Priest's house, the Palace, and the Temple—in fact everywhere. What a black Friday it was! Surely the winter of death had settled upon that episode.

It must have been a dark Sabbath—the world bereft of its Saviour! Some of us can remember dark days following the burial of loved ones, when no sun seemed strong enough to penetrate the gloom. But what a darkness this! Dark for the disciples! Dark for the sick! Dark

for Pilate! Dark, in reality, for the Priests although they did not understand this! Surely the music in the Temple that day ought to have been heavy!

But, hallelujah! before the sun's rays had burst across the Eastern sky a new joy had been given to the earth. Thirty-three years before the world had heard the song announcing the Saviour's birth, and that music has rung around the world, but methinks this Easter message has become more universal even than the Christmas anthem. Once more the world is made brighter by the words from angel lips—"He is risen."

Thwarted in his efforts to keep the world in an eternal winter, the Devil determined that the news must be hushed. "He is risen" must not be substituted for "He is dead." The soldiers were bribed to deny the truth, but springtime music will come with the Spring. You can't stop the birds from singing when the trees are budding, and the song went on in spite of martyrdom and persecution and scepticism, until to-day millions more than ever before are joining in the Easter anthem—"He is risen."

(Continued on page 15)



"Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day, Hallelujah!"

## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska.

Founders: William Booth  
General Bramwell Booth  
International Headquarters,  
Lambeth, England.

Territorial Commander,  
Commissioner William Edie,  
217-219 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be  
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### Christ is Risen!

THE resurrection of our Lord  
placed the capstone upon the  
work of redemption and testified  
that His mission had been success-  
fully accomplished. The fact that  
He lived—that death had no power  
to hold His spirit nor to give His  
body to corruption—was a final and  
uncontrovertible statement of His  
divinity.

In place of the poor glimmer of  
men's conception of an earthly  
kingdom for the Messiah, the  
Resurrection morning put the clear,  
steady light of a knowledge of the  
Divine purpose. The disciples, who  
had been dismayed and scattered  
by His death, soon saw that it was  
an infinitely greater thing for  
Christ to have proved Himself to be  
the Conqueror of Death than if He  
had successfully asserted a claim  
to an earthly kingdom.

The message that gave point to  
the Pentecost sermons; the de-  
claration that smote the Pharisees and  
priests to the heart; that wrought  
conviction in the three  
thousand souls who were there and  
then converted; that later sent the  
disciples hurrying to proclaim the  
news in all parts of the earth, was  
this: "This Jesus hath God raised  
up!" They were the witnesses of a  
new covenant, the essence of which  
was life.

### Is Calvary Anything to You?

That is, to you personally, affect-  
ing your everyday life, making a  
difference to what you think, what  
you say, and what you do?

Is it anything to you that Jesus  
died on Calvary for your sins, and  
rose again from the dead that you,  
dying to sin, might rise in newness  
of life to serve God in holiness and  
righteousness all your days on  
earth, as well as being made ready  
for Heaven when you die?

Resurrection  
Wanted!

++

"I was . . . . .

and ye

visited me"

The  
Commissioner's  
Easter  
Message

Territorial Headquarters,  
Winnipeg, Canada, West,  
April, 1922.

**R**ESURRECTION! The true spirit of Eastertide. It is in the very air. The  
ground beneath our feet is throbbing and pulsing with a thousand signs of  
new life. The trees are tingling with vitality. The winter is over—the spring  
is here: it is the spirit of Resurrection. Those drab, dark days of dreariness  
will soon be forgotten, and our ears are already ringing with the challenge of the Spirit of  
Resurrection.

Surely there are no people to whom this challenge should sound more clearly than  
to us, the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army,—and no people whose answering  
shout should echo with greater joy and eagerness.

A Resurrection Challenge! Shall we answer it? Shall we meet it? Shall there  
be a new stirring of energy, and action and hopefulness within our own ranks? Does  
not every voice answer "yes!" and every life echo it.

The Spirit of Resurrection is here! The Challenge has sought us out! It has  
forced itself upon us! Shall we not follow this example and GO where we may best  
answer the challenge! Everywhere there is sign of need! Let us GO to the need! The  
principle which lies at the very heart of The Army is that we SEEK OUT THE NEED,  
without waiting for the need to search for us. What better method can we adopt in the  
carrying of the Spirit of Resurrection than a great earnestness in the matter of getting  
out and about amongst the people—the people who need us so much, those—indeed who  
need us the most.

**OUR SOLDIERS!** Think of their needs — greater than ever; more insistent,  
more urgent. What a world they live in and battle with every day. What subtlety of  
evil surrounds them. What varied forms of disguised devilishness assail them. You visit  
them, of course, but go with the Resurrection Spirit in your heart and on your lips, and in  
your handshake. Carry this New Life Spirit to your Soldiers.

**THE CONVERTS!** Oh for a new-life Resurrection grip upon our Converts. They  
will most likely perish unless you HOLD them. How their helplessness challenges us!  
How it calls to all that is best within us. They make their sacrifice, and immediately  
a thousand vultures, some respectable and some disreputable, gather to devour. Will  
you help them to drive off these birds of prey, until they are strong enough to fight their  
own battles. VISIT THE CONVERTS. Answer their challenge. Let us have a Resur-  
rection of Converts visitation.

**THE SICK!** We catch our breath at the thought of sickness on Easter morning—  
that morning of new songs and lilies and fellowship. Yet there are many around us  
whose Eastertide will be filled with pain and who languish in the grip of disease. Here is  
another voice calling to us—feebly, perhaps, but insistently—calling for your ministry  
of mercy. Go to the chamber of sickness with your Resurrection Spirit. Carry with  
you the word and touch of Him who "rose again," and you shall leave behind you the  
fragrance of His presence.

**THE DESERTERS!** Think of them. A melancholy procession; without hope for  
the present or the future and the protests of outraged conscience sounding continually  
in their ears. Some of them will dig out that old discarded red guernsey this Eastertide,  
and look it over with tearful eyes. They will hear the band playing "Up from the grave  
He arose" and their poor aching hearts will yearn to share in the triumph of this Resur-  
rection Day. OH THE TRAGEDY OF THE DESERTERS; the men and women who  
once caught the spirit of the Christ and lived it, but who sold their birthright for a mess  
of pottage. Do you know where they live? Go and visit the deserters. Let us have a  
Resurrection Day for the backsliders. Their lives may be smudged with failure, but they  
are still worth saving. Go after them! You can be quite sure that as you go, the Master  
will accompany you.

Let this be our answer to the Challenge of the Resurrection Spirit — a more des-  
perate SEEKING after the needs of the people; a more generous distribution of our time  
and strength and energy to the needy and perishing. This is the Call of Today. This is  
the Challenge. Let us answer it with a shout of gladness and triumph, for the sake of  
God and Man.

William Edie  
Commissioner



General Bramwell  
Booth in his Stud

The General has been  
leader, brother, a  
friend. To the Army  
he has been such  
and more; for the  
there has been a  
inestimable addition  
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General Bramwell  
Booth in his Study

The General has been leader, brother and friend. To the Juniors he has been strict and more; for them there has been the inestimable addition of a father's tenderest touch. He marches down the road of time with the Elders; they can reckon on his personal touch throughout the journey. Not this inspiring prospect for the Juniors. Their lives are full of the richness which is only deepened by the realization that influence persists.

In what affectionate esteem we hold our great Salvation Army Leader. There is something akin to hero worship about it, and we confess the fact unblushingly. If ever a General wrote his personality in the

By the Editor

LAST month our General celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday. Warriors of age and fame vied with youthful and less experienced braves in the warmth and expressive nature of their greetings. All had abundant occasion for tribute paying. To the crowd of Elders



General Booth Seated at Work in his Office at International Headquarters. Drawn by F. Matania

We esteem him as a man, love him as a friend, admire him as a statesman, respect him as a scholar, accept him as a teacher; but we follow him because he translates into action all that is purest and most compelling in Salvationism. In the office he is a reagent to the incept; a worker of abnormal speed, thoroughness and power of decision. Freed from the anxieties and calls of state he is a man of rare charm of manner and conversation. He possesses the faculty which makes friends. His knowledge of people, places and things is almost uncanny in its scope, and he can diagnose conditions obtaining in all parts of the world with amazing accuracy.

In his public campaigns our General makes war on sin with tremendous passion. He pleads with the unsaved and unsanctified with impressive tenderness, and with restless energy endeavors to lead them into the Light. In Council he evidences convincing knowledge of the vagaries and needs of the human heart. He expresses, too, such an overflowing optimism and so vividly pictures open gates of opportunity that he sweeps his followers into an increased tempo of effort; therein demonstrating the rare art of leadership.

And it is because of these things and many others that we Salvationists doff our hats, close our eyes and thank God for granting unto us such a General, such a successor to our ever beloved and illustrious Founder.



Looking Over Plans in his Office



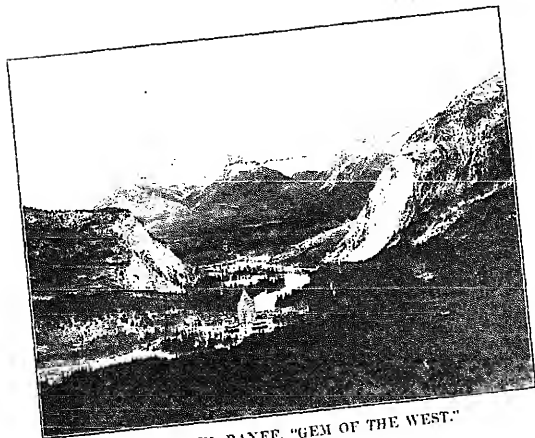
The General Rises to  
Make an Address

hearts as well as the minds of his officers and soldiers. That General is Bramwell Booth. He is a man of wide humanity; as inclusive in his methods as he is in address; as powerful in person as he is in spirit; as great in character as he is in courage; as accurate in performance as is the quality of his counsel. He is our Leader by virtue of The Founder's nomination. He is also our Leader by unsought but universally veiled acclamation. One of the impossible things is to visualize him in a subordinate position. In the hearts and minds of Salvationists there has never been a rival in the field for the position of General. Could he only find more eloquent or emphatic expression!

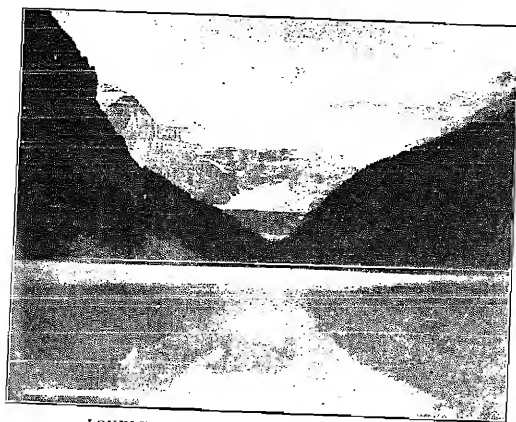


The Daily Round—General Booth at the Telephone

# Vivid Glimpses of Beautiful Spots in the

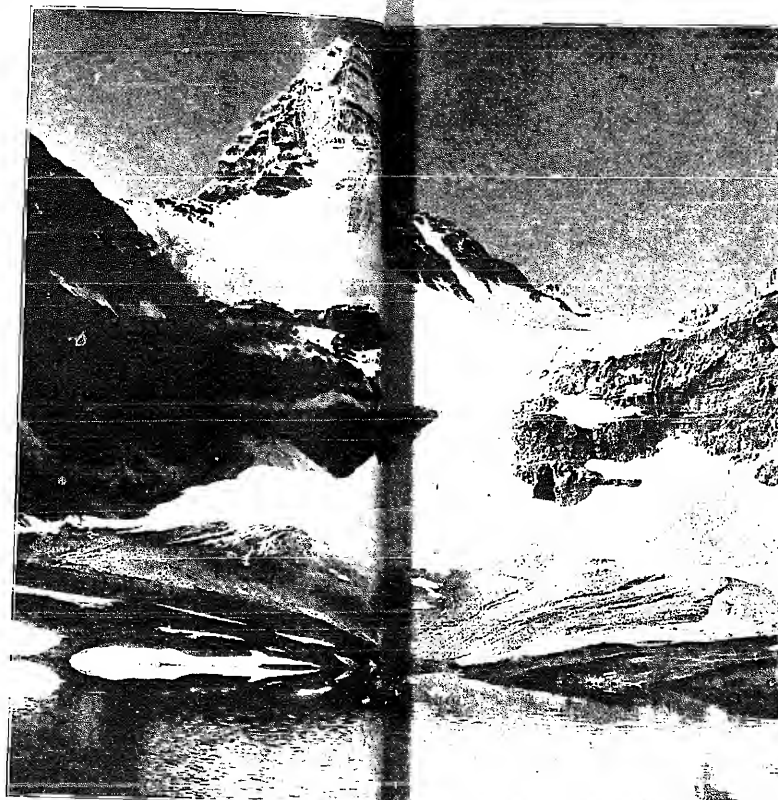


BEAUTIFUL BANFF, "GEM OF THE WEST."

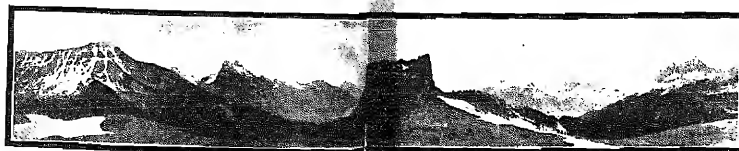


LOVELY LAKE LOUISE, IN SUNNY ALBERTA.

The Great West possesses scenery not only wonderful on account of its grandeur, but also on account of its diversity. It equals, if it does not surpass, the finest Switzerland can afford. It has bits of "rural England," the fjords of Norway, the table lands of the Andes, great rivers, noble lake expanses, extensive natural parks, mighty forests of giant lumber, and a coast line which for extent and uninterrupted beauties has no parallel. Majesty indescribable is presented by the Canadian Rockies which nature has thrown up on so vast a scale. It takes a train twenty-four hours to pass through the chain of peaks.



MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, ONE OF THE MOST CRUIVE PEAKS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES.



THE GLACIERS IN ROCKIES  
Panoramic View of Burgess near Field, British Columbia.



BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPHED AT BANFF, ALBERTA.

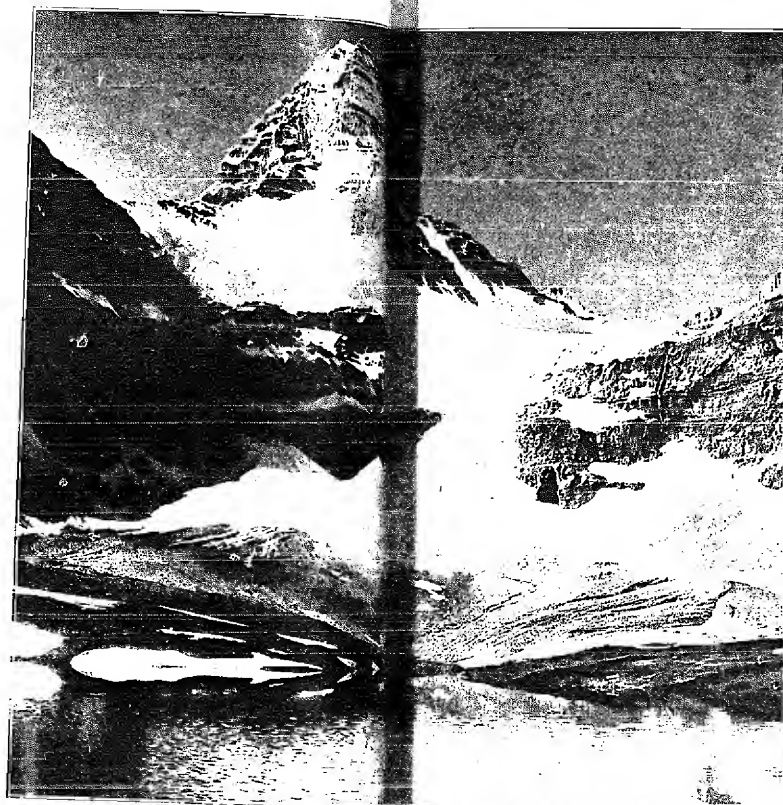
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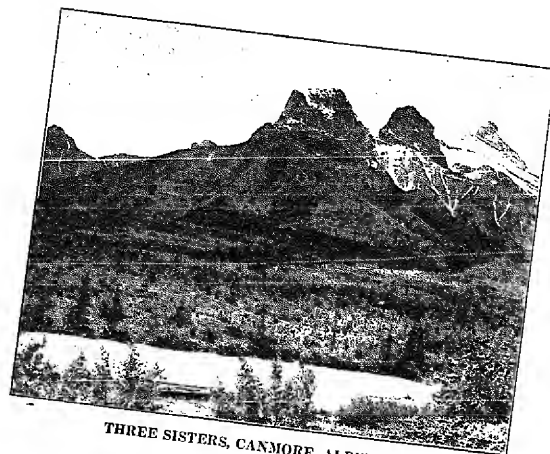
THE WAR CRY

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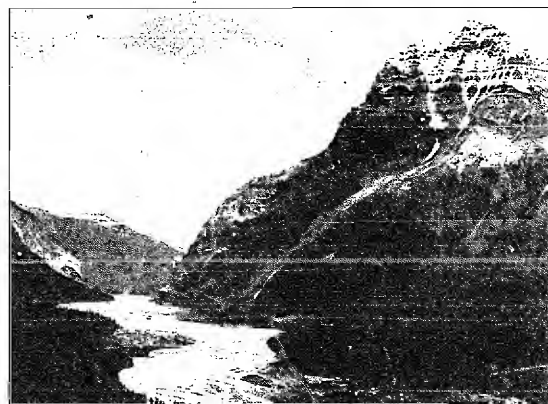
# Scenes of Beauty Spots in the Great West



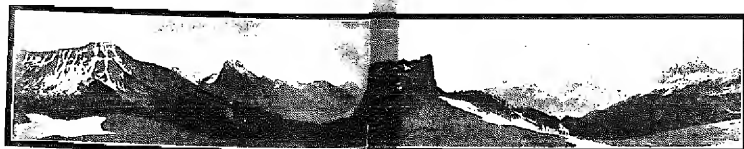
MOUNT ASSINIBOINE, ONE OF THE MOST ACTIVE PEAKS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES.



THREE SISTERS, CANMORE, ALBERTA.



MT. STEPHEN, FIELD, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE GLACIER HOUSE  
Panoramic View of Burgess near Field, British Columbia.



BUFFALO PHOTOGRAPH AT BANFF, ALBERTA.

The Canadian Rockies stretch from the Gap to Victoria, British Columbia—500 miles of Alpine scenery, snowy peaks, glaciers, rugged precipices, waterfalls, foaming torrents, canyons, lakes like vast sapphires and amethysts set in the pine-clad mountains. These have been flung together in unparalleled profusion on a scale which Europe has never known. The mountains tower aloft in vast cathedral domes and jagged spires. They rise from deep-green wooded slopes, up and up, sheer into the sky, to end in soaring summits of white and gray, except when snow and ice and rock alike blush rosy in the setting sun.

## William Booth's Life Question to the World

### What Will You Do With Jesus?

#### Notes of The Founder's Last Sunday Evening Address

Delivered at Warrington, England, April 28th, 1912



**J**ALOUS of the popularity of our Lord, ignorant of His Divinity, hating the purity of His teaching, rebelling against the self-sacrificing character of His life, and for other reasons, the High Priests, Chief Dignitaries, and leading Citizens of Jerusalem resolved, at all costs and consequences to compass His destruction. But not having the power of life and death in their own tribunals, they denounced Him to Pilate, the Roman Governor, as a Religious Impostor, a Stirrer-up of Strife and an Enemy of the Government, requesting him to give orders for Him to be put to death.

Pilate received our Lord, examined the charges made against Him, but not being able to prove Him guilty of any offence

worthy of death, proposed to release Him, but to the utter amazement of Pilate, with one voice the crowd called out: *Give us Barabbas!*

Pilate tried to reason with them, but they only cried out the more, *Not this Man, we prefer Barabbas.* Rising from his throne and taking the Saviour by the hand, in order to better command their compassion, he led Him forth, and asked the question: *What then shall I do with Jesus?*

Now, as Pilate led our Lord forth on that eventful occasion, so in spirit, with my heart full of reverence, I bring that same blessed Saviour before your eyes, and ask the same question: *What will you do with Jesus?*

Mark, it is not *What shall I do?* That is a question that was settled a long time back. Sixty-seven years ago I laid myself at His feet, and took Him to my heart. I have never regretted that consecration. I never shall. Out of it wonderful things have grown.

*It is not what shall I do with Jesus, but what will you do with Him, and what will you do with Him now? Can I help you to a right decision?*

You must do something with Him. Neutrality is impossible. The possession of the opportunity for doing the right thing imposes the obligation to do it. There is no middle course possible here. You must be either for Him or against Him. Either take Him to your heart or reject Him to your ruin.

*Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine your Heavenly Father's treatment of you.* In deciding how you will treat this offer, remember what it means to you. Remember that Jesus Christ brings you from His Father the free and full forgiveness to every past sin, reconciliation with Himself, purity, power, happiness in life, happiness in death, and happiness for ever. On your treatment of Him hangs your everlasting destiny—Heaven or Hell.

*Your treatment of Jesus Christ will determine the Salvation or damnation of men and women living around you, or who will live after you.* That is a very serious business. Supposing that these High Priests and the Jewish crowd had accepted Jesus Christ, and crowned Him the Lord of their hearts, who can conceive the difference that decision would have made in our world? No man liveth to himself. No man can confine the consequences of his conduct to himself.

*In view of these solemn considerations I want to ask you, What will you do with the blessed Saviour, and what will you do with Him now?*

*There are several courses lying open before you.*

*What will you do with Him? Not—What have you done? What are you intending to do?—in the future when you are dying? I bring Him before you and demand an answer to my question. What will you do? Shall I indicate a few courses?*

*You can deny His Divine mission—you can say He was an impostor.* There were plenty in those days who did this, and there are plenty who do the same thing in our day. Some went so far as to say He had a devil. What do you say to that?

*No, that does not suit you. Well, you can deny your need of any Saviour.* You can say, 'I have no soul, I shall have no hereafter,' or you can pretend that you have never sinned, and say: *'There'll be no Judgement. I don't need a Saviour.'* That is what the Sadducees said, and there are thousands who say the same thing in our day.

*There is another course—you can openly reject Him.* Right or wrong, you can simply say: 'I won't have Him.' There are plenty who took this course when He was on earth. They were there in force that day. Instead of taking Him to their hearts they sent Him to the cruel tree. Look at their blood-thirsty eyes. Listen to their maddened cries. See them pluck the hair from His blessed cheeks, and spit upon His sacred face, clothe Him in the mocking robes, and call down curses from Heaven on His head. They preferred Barabbas. They said so.

*You can pretend to accept Him, call yourself his disciple, while your heart is far from Him.* There were any number who adopted that course while He was on earth. He upbraided them. *'Why call ye Me Lord, and do not the things which I say?'*

What do you say about being an empty, powerless, worldly formalist? You say, *'No. If ever I do anything with religion, I will have the real thing. I won't be a hypocrite.'*

*There is another course. You can treat the whole matter with indifference.* There was a crowd in Jerusalem on that day who took no notice whatever of the affair. The shops were all open. The buyers and sellers were all busy. There were marriages and feasts and pleasures and games and amusements all in full swing while the Son of God was hanging on the Cross. The people were indifferent. They did not care.

*You can be a trimmer. You can halt and play a coward's part after the fashion of Pilate.* What do you say to that?

Look at Pilate. He was for Christ, and wanted to deliver Him, if he could do so without losing the favor of the respectable people, and getting into trouble with Caesar and losing his place; but rather than run these risks he allowed our blessed Lord to go to a cruel death.

*But this was only half Pilate's offence.* He not only rejected Christ for these selfish considerations, but tried to excuse himself by throwing the blame on somebody else.

Is any one on the same track, rejecting Christ and trying to throw the responsibility on somebody else?

*Here is one more character whose example you may follow.* What do you say to being a Judas? Will you betray and sell your Lord as Judas did?

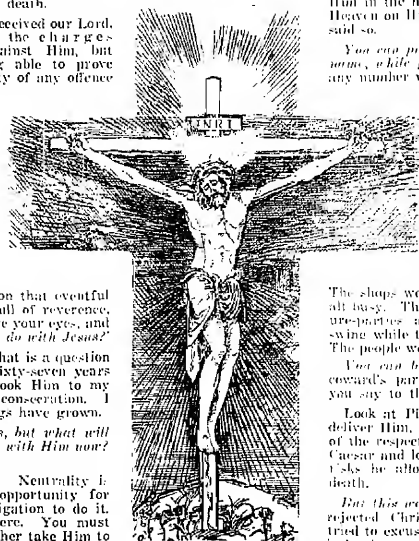
O Backslider! You were once a Soldier of the Cross. Yes, you loved Him, praised Him, swore you would die for Him, and then deserted Him.

What did you leave your Lord for? How much did you get by the transaction? Judas got thirty pieces of silver.

How much of the grief have you kept to the present hour? What was it? A Shop? A Wife? A Husband? A Situation? Fine Clothes? A Football? So much per annum? Has it answered? It did not with Judas. It brought him contempt and despair on earth. It won't answer with you in Time or in Eternity.

*There is another course which you can take, and I recommend it with all my heart.* It has been before you many a day. I place it before you once more. It may be the last chance you will have of accepting it.

Kneel down at the Merry Seat, accept this blessed Jesus as your Saviour, and submit to His authority. Wash every stain away in His Blood, enthroned Him in your heart as your King, and fight for Him all the rest of your days. That is what I would do if I were you. That is what I did, more than sixty years ago.



## A MOZ

**S**OMEWHERE amid the pine-clad R the far Northwest the sun lay its cheek upon the snowy pillow of the tains. The shades of night already s the little town, which clung like a child bosom of one of those quiet hills. A child it was, much given to wild laughter, responsible indulgences, and passions and fierce, yet always at evening-time ed a tired child, weary of its way an upon whom the overhanging mounta peared to brood in maternal care and s The toils and soils of the day were i it was still too early for the reckless debauchery which defamed the moor mountain night. Here one did not w the ambiguity of him who called the "God's hour."

Yet at this hour a battle was raging the less terrible and grim because the field was a human breast. Jim C fought many battles with his hands, neither beautiful to look upon nor to battles which had left their scars— he not an adversary who was mount match—an adversary whom no trick ic's art could catch off guard. Jim w for the first time in his life, deince the battering blows of his own cou whose existence he had never giv passing thought.

Though not yet twenty-five, Jim C the acknowledged "bad man" of the town. In a community infamous fo and lawlessness he was the hardest of the most inveterate gambler, the w of them all. What impulse had b into the little slanty, half-stave, hal which served the local Salvationists ing-house, he could never afterward Perhaps curiosity—more likely the to create a disturbance. But once in had fallen upon him against which and fought in vain.

It was not the eloquence of the melody of the song, nor yet th of the prayer which reached and s long-hidden, hardened heart. The gain of it, the plea of it all w spoke mother's faith, mother's Bli uachings. For fifteen years he ha between himself and his mother u for he was one of the many prodig these sacred names are synonymous he had given himself over, body an that was worst in himself. Yet h writhing in impotent anguish agai of good, just as if his foot on a meeting had touched off a hid violent explosives.

For two hours the struggle lasted the climax came the strong man w sobbing jerks he poured forth hi revealing staggering depths and de the black years had been given, story, told by one so young, was a man of God kneeling by his side, no trace of such feeling, but rather became the great compassion of the more tender and passionate reiterating the promise: "Though as scarlet, they shall be as wh though they be red like crimson, as wool."

So the storm swept until the str was far spent. Then came the n utterly at an end of himself, the threw his blackened life and w upon the mercy of God, and with of surrender came the dawn of

# World Jesus

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## A MOUNTAIN MOTHER'S EASTER MORNING

SOMEWHERE amid the pine-clad Rockies of the far Northwest the sun lay its burning cheek upon the snowy pillow of the mountains. The shades of night already shadowed the little town, which clung like a child to the bosom of one of those quiet hills. A wayward child it was, much given to wild laughter, irresponsible indulgences, and passions primitive and fierce, yet always at evening-time it seemed a tired child, weary of its way and itself, upon whom the overhanging mountains appeared to look in maternal care and solicitude. The toils and sorrows of the day were over, and it was still too early for the reckless and debauchery which defamed the majesty of the mountain night. Here one did not wonder at the audacity of him who called the twilight "God's hour."

Yet at this hour a battle was facing—near the less terrible and grim because the battlefield was a human breast. Jim Carter had fought many battles with his hands; battle-mother beautiful to look upon not to mention battles which had left their scars usually on Jim's case—upon the other fellow. But now he met an adversary who was more than a match—an adversary whom no trick or pugilist's art could catch off guard. Jim was ready for the first time in his life, defenseless before the lightning blows of his own conscience, to whose existence he had never given even a passing thought.

Though not yet twenty-five, Jim Carter was the acknowledged "head man" of the mountain town. In a community infamous for its crime and lawlessness he was the head of the law, the most inviolable gambler, the wildest lover of them all. What impulse had brought him into the little shanty, half-store, half-dwell, which served the local Salvationists for a meeting-house, he could never afterward remember. Perhaps curiosity—more likely the temptation to create a disturbance. But once inside a spot had fallen upon him against which he fumed and fought in vain.

It was not the eloquence of the appeal, nor the melody of the song, nor yet the fervency of the prayer which reached and smote Jim's long-hidden, hardened heart. The power of it, the pain of it, the plea of it all was that here spoke mother's faith, mother's Bible, mother's teachings. For fifteen years he had put a gulf between himself and his mother and her God, for he was one of the many prodigals to whom these sacred names are synonymous. He had deserted his mother, he had spurned her God, he had given himself over, body and soul, to all that was worst in himself. Yet here he was, writhing in impotent anguish against the force of good, just as if his foot on entering the meeting had touched off a hidden mine of violent explosives.

For two hours the struggle lasted, and when the climax came the strong man was weak. In sobbing jerks he poured forth his confession, revealing staggering depths and deeds to which the black years had been given. If the loud story, told by one so young, was a shock to the man of God kneeling by his side, his face bore no trace of such feeling, but rather the deeper became the great compassion of his eyes and the more tender and passionate his voice reiterating the promise: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

So the storm swept until the strength of both was far spent. Then came the moment when, utterly at an end of himself, the penitent soul threw his blackened life and blistered heart upon the mercy of God, and with the moment of surrender came the dawn of Divine revela-

tion. Things which before seemed far off and mystic were now the only realities, and when he flung out his two long arms in an attitude of appeal, he felt they touched the Cross upon which hung his mother's eternal hope.

Trembling and shaken, but with the Sun of Righteousness changing his countenance, the man staggered to his feet.

"Thank you," he murmured, brokenly. "God was as good as your word and mother's. And now, Captain," his voice gathering firmness, "I've got to get back to her. I don't belong here any more."

Nor did he. Miracle that it was, the man already looked estranged from that hush-alm of which he had been both boon companion and king.

### Good Friday and Easter

His name, Colonel W. L. N. Nelson

Sadness in soul. Most lonely was his grief:  
Surprised, all his heart  
The Mother's calm. And that burst through  
He murmured night and day:  
While in the face they smile, and marked His  
heart.

Forever looks appeared.  
This was the king! The hope of all mankind:  
Oh, shame! No faith I had!  
The Mother's calm, while night and people read—  
A God who he could not

For, through the night, the Mother's calm, while night and people read—  
A God who he could not

The sun, when dawn, with his cheering light:  
The Mother's calm, while night and people read—  
A God who he could not

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as ready to lift a poor fellow's load as was his big, strong heart.

The two men and their burden made a pathetic picture, passing down the narrow street, which was little more than a mountain trail, each holding a handle of the trunk—the young man, whose handsome face and slender clothes showed clearly the rapid travel of the mis-spent years; the other and erect figure, in smart Salvation Army uniform, of an older man, whose whole being bespoke whiteness and correctness of sterling character; the connecting-link the trunk, which told the story of the changed man.

Jim was visibly affected as they traversed the quiet street of his old home, empty now but thronged by his thoughts with a thousand memories of days gone by. There was the schoolhouse, from which he had so often played truant; there was the church, where he had stood, holding mother's soft hand, while she joined in the singing. (He always said his mother's voice was the sweetest in the church, and he remembered well how he nearly pulled Sonora Steens' ear off because he said it wasn't so.)

He had not passed that door since childhood, and he saw again the gray-haired pastor to him unaltered and spurred there also was the village inn, at which he had in boyhood trained the first phase of his curse, but here at last was the best of all—the old home street—the spot which, if he had traversed every street in the whole world would be the only dear street to him! All other thoughts merged into the thought of mother.

Oh, how cruel he had been to her! How she had loved him! Did she still love him? Could she after fifteen years of his wicked neglect? Jim Shugh had come over to sell the pig that wouldn't sell, and had told him his mother was very poor—in fact, that she was in want—but that she was always listening, watching and waiting for him. Could she forgive him? He could never forgive himself. What an awful thing she was to make a fellow do what it had made him do! Father long dead, too! O mother! Every cobblestone his feet stepped upon spoke some fond thing of her to the boy's unquiet heart. The few forest trees, left standing on the roadside, holding out their fresh, leafy arms, reminded him of how when a little fellow, he used to run into her arms, stretched out that way on returning from school. The early lilacs made the tree branches to wave homing, as though they would hasten him, and the moaning of the wind, coming over the mountain seemed to call: "Come, hurry, you may be too late!"

As they had advanced the window-panes of the cottages reflected the glory of the Easter morning, and the village awakened to a lovely Sabbath. As they came in sight of the plain little frame house, which had been the lodestar of their night's journey, a mine on his way to work stopped and stared in such sudden surprise that his dinner-pail fell clattering to the ground.

"My God, if it ain't young Jim! Oh, thank Heaven for this Easter morn! Boy, you're just in time—your mother's took awful bad! My missus is with her. She says—"

But Jim heard no more. Dropping his end of the trunk he sprinted up the street, burst open the door of the little home, took the narrow creaking stairs three at a time, calling with a note of agony in his voice:

"Mother, mother, it's Jim—come home! It's your wayward boy, Jim, come home!"

The little woman upon the bed was fast slipping out of the struggle called life, but the boy's voice would have called her back from the

(Continued on page 13, Col 1)

"And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life"—1 John 2:25

# There IS No Death!

By Commander Evangeline C. Booth



**D**EAD! The village was dead! Shell wrecked, it lay in the hollow and along one slope of a gentle, hill-rimmed valley, straddling the narrow, dusty road with twin rows of devastated homes which struggled out irregularly into the surrounding untillied fields.

A strange silence broods over the lonely and cheerless scene. Ah, that is it! The hungry guns are silent. Their four-year discord of hate and murder, crashing through its final fortissimo movement into a concert of destruction, is ended.

Patches of dull-red tile from riven roofs show here and there—like the dotted blood of slain beasts—among the tortured ruin of fallen walls and fire-twisted girders. Whirligigs of gray dust eddy lazily between the uncovered graves, as though making a fitful and melancholy attempt to infold again the rudely disinterred dead of the centuries-old graveyard—war knows no sacred ground—while a splintered wooden crucifix hangs loosely on the weirdly torn walls where twenty generations of peaceful villagers have worshipped the Prince of Peace.

From the hilltop all seems dead—dead with the cold and rigid death of a thousand neglectful years! Not one breath of life in the dreary devastated village!

But the sweet spring breeze, blowing warmly up from the south, gently whispers: "I am the life renewer, the harbinger of happy summer days, the herald of fruitful harvests, the call of animation to a myriad of throbbing living things in land, in hill, in dale! Man, thou art a fool!"

*"There IS No Death!"*

**T**HROUGH the village ripples a singing streamlet, swollen into a current of leaping and laughing gold. In strange little inlets, which once were ugly shell craters, it swirls and then sweeps on to wash with delicate fingers the fallen masonry and to caress into submission splintered beams that seek to stay its happy course.

Where once the whirling wheels and roaring furnace of the village glass factory sang in strains of industry and prosperity, there now remains only a tumbled pile of demolished stone, crumbled brick and rusty, tortuous iron.

Hanging over the heightened stream, a broken mill wheel creaks drearily as the rising water stirs restlessly around its battered, rubbish-choked paddles.

"Dead!" grates the wheel. "Dead! The village is dead!"

But the stream, newborn from the purity of mountain snows, ripples, softly singing: "Nay! I am the life-giver. I flow through the land, stirring to life the vines on the hill-sides and the grains of the fields. From my crystal arteries trees and beasts and birds and men drink and live. Wheel, thou art a fool!"

*"There IS No Death!"*

**W**ITH her brood clinging tightly to her well-spread skirts a French peasant woman, broad of face, wrinkled and weary with war, trudges down the winding, dusty road and into the shattered village. With strange, hard mutterings of sorrow she pauses before each empty, gaping doorway, only to pass slowly on to the next.

At last she stops in front of the burned-out, fractured falls of her own home. Wearily she eases a huge bundle of blankets and miscellaneous household gear from her bent

shoulders to the sagging doorstep. Great, unavailing tears roll down her sunbrowned cheeks. She enters, delving among the debris, and brings to light splintered bits of treasured furniture, reminders of the dear, happy days before the guns began their dirge of death.

All is dead! Shattered! Gone! Every fond and pretty home thing loved by that peasant woman vanished forever!

She covers her face with her rough, worn hands; but there is a gurgle of delight as baby fingers reach out toward the spot where, springing out of a crevice in the tumbled wall, there flames a crimson poppy, and through tear-dimmed eyes she sees a soft carpet of moss creeping protectively over the ruined masonry; tender shoots of grass thrusting freshly up through the gray, dead dust of destruction; and here and there and everywhere infant blossoms, with little pink cheeks and blue eyes, looking up to the sky and curtsying fragrantly and reverently in the evening breezes.

A peaceful smile like a benediction settles upon the tired mother's face. Drawing the baby close against her breast she whispers: "Ah, baby mine, all is not dead! While the good God can still make you a cradle of flowers, is it not that life must live?"

*"There IS No Death!"*

**L**IKE a golden globe sinking slowly away into eternity, the sun drops down behind the quiet hills, gilding with shafts of light three white crosses silhouetted against the purpling sky.

"Dead!" say the three white crosses.

"Dead!" records the war office.

"Dead!" wail three broken hearts.

But the glories of the passing day transmute the floating cloudlets into a group of white angels, with pinions of light, mounting a pearl-studded stairway that runs from the graves to the sky. They appear to hasten as though, infolded in their golden arms, they carried priceless treasure to the throne.

Instinctively the eyes of the peasant woman turn to the splintered crucifix, hanging lonesomely upon the rifted church wall. The last spears of light transfigure to blazing jewels the thorns pressed hard upon the sacred brow.

In her simple way, with wide eyes fastened upon that face, she murmurs:

"All life has risen out of death! And all death is but to be made into life again! Life is immortal, though it seems to perish as the leaves. Man cannot die!"

For the words came back which she heard before the little church was wrecked:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Oh, World, thou art fooled!

*"There IS No Death!"*

**L**IKE the rustling of wind in empty places comes a sound, as though sky splendor would speak in articulate voice, saying: "While spring breezes blow, while streams flow down to the sea, while flowers bloom in the hedges, while the sun holds its course through the skies, while God rules in His heaven, while the gates of glory stand wide,

## THE DAWN

(Continued)

"Unclean! Unclean!" A bitter wail echoed over the quiet waters.

"Unclean! Unclean!" And the wail was answered by the shriek of a maniac among the rocks along the Gadarene shore.

It was twilight. Against the blue sea and azure sky the figure of a weary pilgrim stood out in bold relief. The sun sank low in the west and its slanting rays revealed the ghastliness of her person. Her glassy eyes were sunken in a colorless face; coarse white hair fell over her neck and shoulders like strands of wire; her garments were threadbare, tattered and stained. The blind mad lady had gripped her with terrible swiftness and for over eighteen months had ravaged her body.

True, she had been mercifully released from Herod's Death House, but she dared not return to the little hut among the lilies where two aching hearts throbbled out their undying love for the prodigal daughter.

The law would not allow it! Joanna, of Nebo, was a leper! For a moment she stood at the water's edge, a picture of profound melancholy. Then, after scanning the landscape about her, to make certain that no person was approaching, she stooped, bathed her scarred face and poured water on her body sores.

She had finished her bathing and was about to retreat to the leper's resting place, when a small group of people appeared in the distance. They approached rapidly and soon engaged in interested conversation. Joanna counted them. There were thirteen. As they drew nearer she perceived that one Personality stood out from among the other twelve. His voice was more subdued, rich and gentle. Eternity looked out through His eyes. He was clothed with a long, white robe, and the crimson sunset seemed to light up with beautiful delicacy the fine flowing hair. The girl fixed her eyes on Him.

Seemingly unconscious of the crouching figure on the wet sands, the group stopped while the leader continued in earnest emphatic tones:

"As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils; freely ye have received, freely give."

"Cleanse the lepers? How? Centuries gone by the Prophets Elisha worked such miracles, but things have changed since the days of our fathers! No one can cleanse a leper to-day, except Messiah!" she murmured to herself.

"But, by the rich mercies of Jehovah, I do recall while in Herod's service one rugged Baptist whose head was brought in on a charger. And if I remember rightly it was he—Jesus of Nazareth—who claimed to be the Son of God. If the Son of God—then surely could cleanse a leper!"

A spark of hope was kindled in her breast. Hope impelled her and she staggered toward the man with music in His voice.

"A leper! The cursed of God ejaculated a short, gruff-voiced voice."

"Stone her! Cast her out!" called another.

Joanna, faint, repulsed, frightened, recoiled. An inviolable magnetism drew her eyes toward Him. She beheld the beauty of His face and felt the irresistible drawing power of His Presence.

(Continued on page 15)

## THE DAWN

(Continued)

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(Continued on page 15)

## THE STORY EVERYBODY IS READING

## The Broken Fetters of Dan McLeod

by

ADJUTANT SIDNEY COX

Dan McLeod, a solitary, half-frozen figure, staggered through the woods in Northern Saskatchewan, searching for Craig's Camp. Reaching his destination to find, unconscious, against the door of the bunkhouse, Dan's father is a Minnesota farmer. Was a Salvationist in the Old West, and still clings to his red gurnsey. Dan's friendship with Hank Hoppood causes the old man alarm. Dan is often away with Hank on angling trips, and on one occasion the old man thinks he can still figure on his son. Then came the crash. An Officer of the law arrives at the McLeod homestead to arrest Dan for complicity in a bank robbery with Hank Hoppood. Hank and Dan escape to Canada. Hank reaches Craig's Camp in Northern Saskatchewan, and a few days later Dan arrives, as described. Sam Hicks hears a noise like a heavy body falling against the bunkhouse door but thinks it is a cat. He eventually opens the door to find Dan, and drags his body into the room. With the assistance of Bill Wylie, Sam's friend, Dan's foot, which is badly frozen, is cared for and he is made comfortable for the remainder of the night. Hank Hoppood, who is surprised to find Dan at the camp the next morning, has not made a favorable impression on the Foreman. Arnold Craig is the son of the owner of the camp, and although a college man, has chosen the woods as his calling.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

LEFT alone with his thoughts, Dan cupped his chin in his hands, and stared at the base of the crocheted stove with unseeing eyes. His thoughts were anything but pleasant as they roamed at will over the happenings of the past few weeks. What a wretched failure he was. Why had he listened to Hank Hoppood? What would his old father be doing and thinking? He shuddered at the thought of the old man alone on the farm, with the weight of the disgrace that he, Dan, had brought upon him. Dan wondered, with a frown of annoyance at the thought, whether his father would still be wearing his red Army gurnsey, and a quotation from an old Bible story that told about a son who "brought down his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave" flashed into his mind. He brushed both picture and thought away with an impatient gesture, and half rose to his feet but a twinge of his frozen foot brought the perspiration to his forehead and he sank back on the chair with a groan.

What of the future? The terror of the law was upon him, and he was to carry the stigma of the criminal—the fugitive from justice. He would never feel quite sure that he had reached a place where the strong arm of the law could not reach him. What a fool he had been, and confound this newly awakened conscience. He groaned again, just as the door of the bunkhouse opened. He was so engrossed with his thoughts that he would not have been aware of the opening door but for the icy draft that struck him. He turned his head quickly to look into the eyes of a square-shouldered young man, dressed as a woodsman, yet obviously not a woodsman of the usual type. This impression was confirmed when the cheery voice of the new comer, whom he guessed at once was the Foreman, broke the silence.

"So you visited us last night under rather unusual circumstances, eh?"

"It was rather unusual," Dan replied. "In fact, I don't know the whole story myself yet. But I'm mighty glad I'm here instead of frozen out in the woods."

"Yes, this bunkhouse is more pleasant," Craig answered. "You brought some of the frost with you in your foot, didn't you? Better let me see what I can do for you."

He stripped off Bill's first-aid bandage, and revealed a swollen and terribly discolored foot, from which, fortunately, the frostbite had been practically removed by the application of snow at the hands of Sam.

"Only just caught this in time," said the Foreman. "Another hour and you would likely have lost your foot." A cool and soothing lotion and a fresh bandage brought considerable relief to Dan's aching limb, and the assurance that he would be able to get around in a few days, helped even more in the matter of cheering his spirits.

"Where were you heading for when you lost your way in these woods," questioned Craig, when the bandage was adjusted.

"Well, as a matter of fact," Dan replied, "I was making for this camp. I heard you could do with another man and I was looking for a job."

"Logger?" was the sharp and business-like question.

"Yes, I know considerable about the woods," said Dan.

"Drive a team, I suppose."

"Yes, I can drive a team alright. Mules too, at a pinch."

"Alright," said the Foreman. "You can start work as soon as your foot is better. By the way you haven't introduced yourself. What shall we call you on the payroll?"

"Dan McLeod, no Johnson. Dan Johnson," he stammered in some hesitation.

The Foreman looked Dan over with eyes that read his confusion, but no remark passed.

"Alright Johnson, in the meantime make yourself as comfortable as you can. Your foot will be as well as ever in a few days. Swelling going down already."

In the midst of Dan's awkward thanks, the Foreman swung open the door and passed out into the snow. Dan stared at the door for some minutes in silence.

"Straight enough, I guess," he mused. "Too straight, maybe. Heck of a pair of shoulders. Some scrapper I should judge."

Dan returned to his thoughts, and was lost in alternate periods of melancholy and hopelessness. His midday meal was brought to him by the cook and accompanied by a breeze of good cheer.

"Help me back to that bunk, mate," said Dan when the cook returned for the tin dishes. "Guess I'll try and get a sleep."

This task was speedily performed by the strong arms of the cheerful cook, and Dan soon fell into a rather troubled sleep from which he was eventually aroused by the return of the gang. Dan scrambled painfully to the floor, congratulating himself that he was at least able to help himself to that extent, when his eyes fell upon the figure of Hank Hoppood coming through the bunkhouse door, and at the same moment, Hank, recognizing Dan stopped short with a stare of blank amazement.

(To be continued)

## MOUNTAIN MOTHER'S EASTER MORNING

(Continued from page 11)

deepest grave; and so, with a tide of vitality which came alone from her heart, she opened wide her arms, so long empty and hungering, and called back: "I am waiting for thee, as I have waited for fifteen years with my arms open!"

Then she laid her pale cheek, cold with the chill of death, against the face of her son, she prayed: "O God I thank thee that the pain and hunger of fifteen years has not been suffered all in vain! My prayers are answered and I may die while he is near!"

"God," called the loud voice of the returned prodigal, "by the love by which Thou hast blotted out my sins, Thou wilt spare her!"

In the street without a man still stood staring helplessly at a forgotten trunk and a spilled dinner-pail, ejaculating continuously: "Just in time, by gosh! The Salvation Army do heat everything!"

Outside a rose-covered cottage one can see, every sunny afternoon, a sweet little form, slightly bent, with silver-gray hair and two large soul-windows for eyes. She walks slowly around the small perennial garden, leaning upon the arm of a strong young man. On this particular day, when the heavens appeared to have forsaken every duty to caress the earth, if the one who saw had possessed as keen a capacity for hearing as the honeysuckle, he would have caught the words from the little mother's lips:

"I really do like her, Jim, for her own sweet self, and then all the more because she is a Salvationist. I confess that I was a little timid in case you fell in love with Ella Brooks, which would have meant your leaving The Salvation Army."

"Mother, mine, never fear!" broke in the boy. The silver voice went on: "You know, Jim, I shall go into Heaven thanking God for The Salvation Army, for it was these self-sacrificing people who gave me back my life and you!"

## The Salvation Army

### Prison Work

"Two men stand behind prison bars; One saw mud—the other stars."

IT is the glad purpose of The Salvation Army to bring to the inmates of prisons and penitentiaries in many parts of the world this vision of "stars." The most successful method in dealing with prisoners has ever been regenerative rather than punitive. The first points to the "stars," the other to the mud. We have always taken a keen interest in prison reform—yet it is our firm belief that the lasting cure for a prisoner's broken life is to be found in God alone. This is the basic principle of all Salvation Army Prison effort.

The Army Officer is a familiar figure in many of the court rooms of our Dominion, often securing leniency for the offender and guaranteeing the better conduct of the prisoner if surrendered into our care. When a prisoner's term expires, and he has no home to which he can go, our Prison Gate Officer meets him upon release. Temporary "board and lodging" is provided gratis until our Employment Department secures proper work for him. Personal communication is then maintained until the paroled prisoner has proven reliable and trustworthy in his new position. In this way we are able to lead thousands of men and women into the paths of moral rectitude and worthy citizenship.

### Rescue

The work of rescuing unfortunate women is conducted in each of the Provinces included in the Canada West Territory, and Homes are established in Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Vancouver. This branch of service, important as it is, must, of necessity, remain in the background.

During the past year, 331 women and girls were sheltered in Salvation Army Rescue Homes throughout the West. When it is remembered that the great majority of these unfortunates were not merely assisted temporarily, but permanently rescued, and their children cured for and sheltered, either with the mother herself, or adopted into good homes, the magnitude of this work can be realized.

The fact that the children are cared for and saved, as far as humanly possible, from the blight which has fallen upon them at birth, commends this work in a double sense to the sympathy of the people of every land.

NO other Organization quite so fully exemplifies the Christian religion. It includes all sects. It has no creed save that of the Word of God, as given by Christ, whose life is its only Guide. It does not quibble over verbal definitions. It does not dispute as to orthodoxy. It does not doubt nor seek new interpretations.

The life of Christ is to it, all-sufficient. It clearly sees the need and meets it. It never passes by on the other side. If a man is in the gutter it goes into the gutter to get him out. It does not ask the need to come to it—it goes to the need. It goes in fellowship, in entire understanding, and with the confidence of a consecration, that it has what will meet that need whatever it may be.

Much was said about The Salvation Army during the war. It was no different then than before. It is no different now. It had the same human understanding of human beings.

It has no other instrument than the Christ religion. It knows no other impulse, no other reward, no other cure, no other relief. It takes nothing more with it than Christ took, and it has conclusively proved that nothing more is needed. Its leaves and fishes are made to feed the multitude. Its little goes far.

## "THE GRACE"

Western Canada's Largest Maternity Hospital

IT is impossible to record the full romance of Grace Hospital in words. The story can be written and the results tabulated, but the heart-throbs, the faithless misery, the renewed hopes, the grip on life newly found, the mounting service rendered, the tragedy of handicapped infancy, the joy of the child gladly welcomed; the heart of Grace Hospital lies outside of the realm of ink and paper.

Within the walls of this stately pile a work of mercy and blessing is carried on, without ostentation, which has resulted in an ever-widening circle of grateful friends.

Amidst an atmosphere of unassuming efficiency, we find daily corroboration of the truth of the saying that "the best investment of all is that which calls for some degree of sacrifice, and which yields as interest the gratitude of our fellows." Members of the Nursing and Medical staffs of Grace Hospital are investing their time, strength, and ability in the maintaining and furthering of the work which has been entrusted to them, a work unique in its scope and influence. "Grace," as the Hospital is commonly termed, holds a record of advancement and achievement of which any institution might be justly proud. No fewer than 1360 babies were born within its walls last year.

In its dual capacity of Maternity Hospital and Rescue Home, it meets the need of widely divergent sections of the community. The work of reclaiming fallen womanhood is pursued in the Rescue section in a manner which has won the hearty appreciation of all who have become familiar with it, and with marvelous results to those who have been "ministered unto." This work has been carried on at "The Grace" since its inception nearly twenty years ago. It is an entirely separate and distinct department; in fact it was originally the only department.

Another branch of its work deserving of mention is that conducted in the Children's Annex. Here, amidst helpful and healthy surroundings, the younger children of mothers who would otherwise be prevented from taking advantage of the comforts and conveniences of the Hospital, are cared for.

As the Easter War Cry may come into the hands of some who are unfamiliar with the work of Grace Hospital it is felt that we could not do better than quote from its charter, in order that its objects might become more widely known.

1. To provide medical treatment in time of need for friendless girls and women, regardless of nationality or religion.
2. To make like provision for mothers among the deserving poor.
3. To receive paying patients who prefer the treatment and convenience the Hospital insures to the best arrangements that can be made at home at such times.

### Social Service

THE alleviation of human woe is not the chief end to which we work,—but rather the means toward a greater end, even the regeneration of the soul. To answer the clamant calls of the poor, the forsaken, the wronged, the hungry, the naked, the sick, the trampled, and the outcast—and having supplied their need then lead them to God—is the only apology for the existence of The Army. And so long as conditions exist in which men may starve, innocent children and girls be deceived, and sin, sickness, death and sorrow be rampant—just so long will our many social activities remain in operation.

The Army's Helping Hand is extended into practically every conceivable type of human want and misery. It means sight to the blind in India, relief for the emaciated lepers of Java, refuge for the outcast young girls of China and freedom for the criminals of India. It means, too, maternity hospitals for unmarried mothers, rescue homes for deserted women, Anti-Suicide Bureaux for the despairing, schools for the blind, dental, medicinal and surgical service for the thousands who would otherwise suffer. In fact, The Army's Social System is a gigantic organization of "humanities"; that is, men and women trained and skilled in dealing with the physical ills of the world's less fortunate peoples.

### Migration

The Army's Migration Department has been in successful operation for many years. It is distinctly Imperialistic in its designs and functions for a "Better Empire." In brief, it seeks to relieve the congested populations of Britain's overcrowded cities, and to transplant numbers of hedged-in city people to areas of wider opportunity in the Colonies of the Mother Land.

Officers give reliable counsel and assistance to those who seek new homes. Migration Parties, composed chiefly of women and children, are organized and personally escorted by experienced Officers from the point of embarkation to their destination. Upon arrival positions are found for any travelling under our care. We also undertake to keep in personal communication with the migrant for a period of at least four years after arrival.

A sub-department is now in operation for the convenience of those desiring to visit war graves in France and Belgium.

## Hail, The Spring

(Continued from page 3)

The winter in China, in India, in the Islands of the Sea is being risen Christ has appeared, and the will spread until this world is eternal springtide and winter's driven away by the singing of Song.

How far, my dear reader, is this of springtide yours? Has the winter in your heart still unresponsive?

Winter represents darkness, means light. Winter represents coldness, the spring brings warmth, the freezing indifference of the past. Winter represents lifelessness—no fruit—no flowers—no fragrance. Spring starts everything and advancing.

You may have had a long winter, you may think it must always for you there comes the Easter morn. Christ has risen, and now is past. His touch of life upon the winter and to bring the singing time.

Music is generally associated with the Easter morn. Music is one of the characteristics of the heart will keep the spirit belief will kill the singing spirit.

Let Christ into your heart, melt the snows of past wrongdoings, the desert to blossom, and the joy of peace, of holiness to Easter day will put your heart in sympathy with the gladness of time and with the spirit of the

"Oh great Friend of the outcast— if Thou art Moses look upon miserable unworthy creature pity. Have mercy! Oh Nazareth saviour! Have mercy!" And I watched child of the night pour forth her soul to The Man of Sorrows.

Then those matchless eyes Jesus' grave radiant with Love-light. She never forgot that matchless look! No one can who but catch a glimpse of Him for it is Father who looks out into mine eyes.

"Believe thou I am able to do this," asked the Nazarene. "Yea Lord, help Thou mine belief," came the reply.

"Woman, thy faith hath a three whole."

There was a still moment. The silence was rent by a startling cry from the woman uttered one word: "Mother!"

What a contrast between voice and the shell crying of "Uncle! Uncle!" just minutes before. But then always does make a change things!

"Why do you scream, daughter? queried one of the Twelve."

"But my skin—see! It is crawling! I may return to my life! Look, Oh look! The spores are coming—the scales fall! I feel again. Oh Mother! Father!"

Then falling at the feet of the Liberator, in a sobbing voice with strong love she sobbed:

"Oh strong Son of God, forgive my many sins. Jesus—Yahweh—for Thy vast mercy I Thee. I do swear by all things circling the infinite Heaven henceforth Joanna, of Nazareth spend her days in proclaiming thy healing Name of Jesus of Beth."

The outburst of penitence promise went a smile of atonement from her Lord while He and every tenderly touched brow in listening. Joanna forgot that touch either! can who has felt the blessed touch.

They parted. She watched pass into the shadows—the

## Hail, The Spring

(Continued from page 5)

The winter in China, in India, in Africa, in the Islands of the Sea is being broken; the risen Christ has appeared, and the joyful news will spread until this world is covered with eternal springtide and winter's darkness is driven away by the singing of the Easter Song.

How far, my dear reader, is this experience of springtide yours? Has the winter passed? Or, is your heart still unresponsive?

Winter represents darkness, springtime means light. Winter represents a season of coldness, the spring brings warmth and melts the freezing indifference of the past.

Winter represents lifelessness—no growth—no fruit—no flowers—no fragrance—no advance. Spring starts everything growing and advancing.

You may have had a long winter, and perhaps you think it must always remain, but for you there comes the Easter message. The Christ has risen, and now is passing by to put His touch of life upon the winter of the past, and to bring the singing time again.

Music is generally associated with joy. Music is one of the characteristics of Heaven. Sin in the heart will keep the music out. Unbelief will kill the singing spirit.

Let Christ into your heart, then love will melt the snows of past wrongdoing, will cause the desert to blossom, and the birds of love, of joy, of peace, of holiness to sing, and this Easter day will put your heart in touch and in sympathy with the gladness of the springtime and with the spirit of Heaven.

"Oh great Friend of the outcast—  
—if Thou art Messiah, look upon a  
miserable, unworthy creature in  
pity. Have mercy! Oh Nazarene!  
Saviour! Have mercy!" And this  
wretched child of the night poured  
forth her soul to The Man of Day-  
dawn.

Then those matchless eyes of  
Jesus, grew radiant with love-light.  
She never forgot that paralyzing  
look! No one can who but catches  
a glimpse of Him for it is He  
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believer," came the reply.

"Woman, thy faith hath made  
thee whole."

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ly the silence was rent by a  
startling cry from the woman. She  
uttered one word: "Mother!"

What a contrast between this  
voice and the shrill piping call  
of "Unclean! Unclean!" just a few  
minutes before. But then Jesus  
always does make a change in  
things!

"Why do you scream, daughter?"  
queried one of the Twelve.

"But thy skin—see! It is chang-  
ing! I may return to my home!  
Look, Oh look! The sores are dry-  
ing—the scales fall! I feel strong  
again. Oh Mother! Father!"

Then falling at the feet of her  
Liberator, in a sobbing voice toned  
with strong love she solemnly  
vowed:

"Oh strong Son of God, forgive  
my many sins. Jesus—Wonder  
Man—for Thy vast mercy I thank  
Thee. I do swear by all the stars  
circling the infinite Heaven that  
henceforth Joanna, of Nabo, shall  
spend her days in proclaiming the  
hallowed Name of Jesus of Nazareth."

The outburst of penitence and  
promise won a smile of approval  
from her Lord while He stooped  
and very tenderly touched her  
brow in blessing. Joanna never  
forgot that touch either! No one  
can who has felt the blessed con-  
tact.

They parted. She watched them  
pass into the shadows—then fled  
into the sunlight.

## Through Struggle to Triumph

By Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Morris

CROSS bearing is never easy. How some  
people shrink from it and lose ground in  
their experience. When they fail to do God's  
bidding they yield to the temptings of the  
enemy, and the blessing—resistance to his  
wiles and devices would bring them—is lost.

Christ, before the Crucifixion, felt the Cross  
weigh heavily upon Him. He became depress-  
ed and sorrowful. He knew that He was ap-  
proaching a crisis in His life, and feeling the  
pressure of the burden He longed for a place  
of solitude where He could pour out His soul  
in prayer.

Getsemane was His favorite spot. He  
knew its quiet retreats and leafy trees so  
protecting in their generous expanse. So He  
wended His way thither with three of His  
disciples. The journey was one of agony for  
the Master. In spirit He was already carrying  
the Cross. Every step of the way was hard  
and difficult; sadness of mind and spirit was  
accentuated by knowledge of what was to hap-  
pen on the morrow. How Satan must have  
struggled for victory in those fateful hours.

How subtle must have been his endeavors to  
get Jesus to doubt the wisdom of His Father!  
How he must have called into operation the  
full display of his evil powers.

The victory won by our Lord and Master on  
His way to the Garden was but a thrilling  
prelude to the final triumph. As the knell to  
pray, the cold dew of the night fell upon His

tired form, and from His lips came that cry:  
"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup  
from me; nevertheless not My will, but Thine,  
be done."

What of the disciples? They deeply regretted  
seeing their Master, who was as a rule calm  
and peaceful, now sorrowful; but their bodies  
were tired and sleep overtook them. Our  
Saviour was left to agonize alone. He was  
human as well as Divine and how it would have  
comforted Him to know that human sympathy  
was so near. But all seemed dark. No sym-  
pathizing countenance greeted Him. Those  
who should have helped Him in the period of  
His agony were fast asleep. Had they known  
that it was The Master's last night they would  
not have yielded to slumber. He agonized and  
suffered alone, but there came a direct answer  
to prayer, for we are told that an angel came  
and strengthened Him. The victory was won.  
On the morrow they crucified Him, and on that  
great day He gave Himself a ransom for the  
whole world.

Remember, if it be that you are unconvinced,  
arouse from the slumber of sin and let the  
Sun of Righteousness shine into your soul.  
Christ is the world's Redeemer. By His agony  
in the Garden, by His suffering on the Cross,  
the way to Heaven was opened for the Nations.  
Turn your eyes to Calvary, repent of your  
sin and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ  
thou shalt be saved!

## The Dawn A Conceivable Story of the Long Ago

(Continued from page 14)

as fast as her riddle-hinds would  
carry her towards detention.  
Romé had murdered. His first  
victim—The Baptist. Guess  
she was not afraid to die too—for  
Him.

And as she ran she repeatedly  
whispered, "My Jesus, My Jesus."

### THE DAWN

"If Thou be the Son of God, come  
down from the Cross," Joanna  
stood midst the howling mob that  
crucified Him and hid Him choose  
the easier way. She had stood  
buried by the Tree in the terrific  
heat of the noonday sun while the  
mocking rabble wagged their  
heads, spat their spittle and taunt-  
ingly shouted, "Come down."

"Lord, remember me when Thou  
comest into Thy Kingdom." She  
had witnessed the dying thief in  
the agony of death's grip as in  
desperation he pleaded for mercy.  
She had seen pitying eyes turn and  
pale lips answer without a note  
of resentment or suggestion of the  
moral distance between violence  
and purity. "To-day shalt thou be  
with Me!" "To-day!" and "With  
Me!" In after years how she re-  
joiced to tell the story of The First  
trophy of the Cross and how Christ  
thought of his penitence and forgot  
his thievery!

"Father, into Thy arms I com-  
mend My Spirit." In the darkness  
she had heard the last labored  
breath of the dying Saviour as the  
Father's Hands closed about His  
spirit; and the earth had shaken  
so violently that she feared the  
Cross with its precious burden  
would be uncerthed. Her fingers  
still burned from gripping the rag-  
ged Tree at its base, led the so-  
red body he mutilated in the fall.

She had accompanied the devout  
Joseph and faithful Nicodemus  
when they gently unmaned their  
Lord from His rude resting place  
and lovingly wrapped His body in  
pure white linen.

She had shuddered as they bore-  
d the crude wooden cross that  
fastened His hands and feet to the  
beam. One of the pegs dropped  
near her feet; she stooped and  
picked it up. It was blood-encrusted.

"Dear Redeemer—how a wound  
have hurt!" she had whispered as  
scalding tears coursed down her  
cheeks. "I shall wear it in my  
bosom as an ever present reminder  
of Thy suffering—and those man-  
gled Hands and torn Feet."

And now she grasped firmly the  
blood-stained peg that had so  
cruelly wounded her Friend—and  
in the deep black of the night it  
seemed to bring His Presence near.

"Mary, doesn't it seem a hour  
while since He left?"

"Ah Joanna, I could not rest  
since we laid Him in that dark  
tomb last sundown. I do fear the  
stars will no more shine," spoke  
the Magdalene.

"True, the Master said He was  
the Light of the world—and now  
the Light is out. What if the sun  
should rise no more! Oh Mary,  
what a tragedy was Calvary!"

Then spoke that other Mary,  
James' mother. "Have heart, true  
Friends; do you not recall that  
Jesus spoke something about rising  
again on the third day?"

"Ah Mary, you were ever loyal  
to Him. You make me feel the  
Down may yet be near!" spoke  
Joanna. "But let us hasten that we  
may fulfil our mission."

And now those who had loved  
Him best, seek Him, the Object of  
their choicest affection—but alas,  
among the dead. Human nature  
has been running true to form for  
two thousand years—and men still  
seek Him in dead churches, dead  
books, dead theologies, dead creeds.  
We never find Him there! Nor did  
they.

A black mass loomed ahead—  
just barely visible in the semi-  
darkness. It was the sepulchre.

"All around—all around  
Solenn darkness adorned ground—  
Till with blaze and sudden thun-  
der  
Angels burst the tomb asunder  
And the Saviour was unbound!"

As they hastened on a path shook  
most of the rocks at the  
sepulchre. An "Esson" hand  
reached low from the Skies, grasp-  
ing with the dew and with a  
mighty crash the stone was dis-  
placed.

"And the Saviour was unbound!"  
And before the break of day  
three women reached the tomb.  
And heart that had already been  
wrong lay pain found added sor-  
row. "They have taken away the  
Lord out of the sepulchre and we  
know not where they have laid  
Him!" they cried. "Someone has  
stolen His body!"

"Why seek ye the living among  
the dead?" This arresting question  
broke their gloom and they  
looked into the luminous counte-  
nance of an Angel.

"He is not here, but has risen!"  
announced the Angel.

"Not here!"  
"Risen!"

Joanna's heart beat wildly. She  
thrust her hand into her bosom  
and touched the wooden nail that  
spoke of His dying—then viewed  
with reverential fear the empty  
tomb that spoke of His rising.

As if constrained by a phanom-  
enal magnetism she turned from  
the tomb toward the daybreak.  
Just yonder the first rays of the  
morning sun rose over Nabo—over  
the loved ones who patiently wait-  
ed—and the filices.

The same sun in the setting of  
lance ago had beckoned her toward  
Jerusalem. Now at day-dawn it  
bade her "come home."

And with all the passion of a  
deathless love she burst into a  
run and sped toward Nabo.

She would be the first! She,  
a woman, would have the pre-em-  
inent place in telling the Resurrec-  
tion Story to her dear waiting  
mother and father—and then?

Well then, she'd tell the world  
about the dawn of the first Easter  
morning!

## Social Service

alleviation of human  
is not the chief end  
we work—but  
the means toward a  
end, even the regem-  
n of the soul. To an-  
the clamant calls of the  
the forsaken, the  
ed, the hungry, the  
the sick, the tempted,  
be outcast—and having  
their need then lead  
to God is the only  
y for the existence of  
roy. And so long as  
uns exist in which men  
starve, innocent chil-  
and girls be deceived,  
n, sickness, death and  
be regretful—just so  
will our many social  
es remain in operation.  
Army's Helping Hand  
ended into practically  
conceivable type of  
worn and misery. It  
sight to the blind in  
relief for the rumen-  
ers of Java, refuge for  
least young girls of  
and freedom for the  
s of India. It means  
ernity hospitals for  
d mothers, rescue  
far deserted women,  
icide barracks for the  
ng, schools for the  
ental, medicinal and  
service for the thim-  
ho would otherwise  
In fact, The Army's  
System is a gigantic  
tion of "humanity";  
men and women  
and skilled in dealing  
physical ills of the  
Less fortunate

## Migration

Army's Migration De-  
has been in success-  
tion for many years.  
tinctly Imperialistic  
stems and functions  
Dexter Empire." In  
seeks to relieve the  
populations of  
overcrowded cities,  
disrupt numbers of  
city people to areas  
opportunity in the  
of the Mother Land.  
give reliable em-  
assistance to those  
new homes. Migra-  
s, composed chiefly  
and children, are  
and personally ex-  
perienced Officers  
art of embarkation  
estimation. Upon  
sitions are found  
settling under our  
also undertake to  
personal communi-  
the migrant for a  
at least four years.  
partment is now  
a for the conven-  
desiring to  
eratives in France  
mu.

# OH, LOUD PROCLAIM THE RESURRECTION!

*Allegro.*  
Key A. 2/4

1. Praise God! our Saviour Christ has ris-en! Praise God our Je-sus lives a -  
2. Praise God! we thro' our ris-en Saviour, His re-surrex-tion pow'r ob-  
3. Praise God! thro' Christ the ris-en Saviour, We're more than conq'rors all the  
4. Praise God! thro' Christ our ris-en Saviour, The power and sting of death is

*p* gain. Tho' sin and hell did struggle To bind Him fast with death's cold chain, Yet  
-tain, We once in sins were bu-ried, And Sa-tan held us as his slain; But  
way, For He is al-ways with us, To be our Keeper, Help, and Stay, From  
gone! For death by Christ was vanquish'd, And life e-ter-nal for us won, So

*cres.* *mf*

*f* He with more strength than a conq'ror, O'ercame him who held fast the pow'r of death, And  
Christ, with a voice that's Al-migh-ty, A-woke us from out of hell's sleep of death, And  
sin, with Christ near, we're kept cleansed, The world, with Christ here, has no charm for us, The  
when we shall come to death's ri-ver, Our Christ in us then will our Saviour be, Be-

*dim.* *mf*

out from death's gloom, And out from death's tomb, Went forth to declare He ev-er liv-eth.  
out from sin's gloom, And out from hell's tomb, We came, showing plainly that Christ liv-eth.  
do-vil may tempt, He fails in th' attempt, His wiles, with Christ near, do not a-larm us.  
cause He does live, Our life He'll re-ceive, Spoil hell of its prey to all e-ter-nity.

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## When Dan

And the danger that th'  
soul that sinneth it shall die!"  
Young man! Young v